LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by Eliza Cook---Music by Hutchinson.

Topsy neber *was* born, neber had a moder;
'Spects I growed a nigger brat, just like any oder.
Whip me till the blood pours down, ole Misses use to do it;
She said she'd cut my heart right out, but never could go to it;
Got no heart, I don't belieb, niggers do without 'em;
Never hear of God or Love, so can't tell much about 'em."

CHORUS.

This is Topsy's savage song,
Topsy 'cute and clever;
Hurrah! then, for the white man's right!
Slavery forever!

"I 'spects I'se very wicked, that's just what I am;
On'y you just give me a chance, won't
'Taint no use in being good, cos' I'se
I neber cared for nothing yet, and n
Hh! ha! ha! Miss Feely's hand dun
Neber likes to do no work, and wo

This is Topsy's savag
Topsy 'cute and cle
Hurrah! then, for the
Slavery forever!

"Don't you die, Miss Evy, else I g
I knows I'se wicked, but I'll try, a
You have taught me better things,
You have found poor Topsy's heart
Don't you die, Miss Eva, dear, else
Though I'se black, I'se sure that G

This is Topsy's *huma*
Under love's endea
Hurrah! then, for the
Humanity forever!

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